

# MOOD

VOL. 1

NO. 1

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NEW CURE FOR DAME FEVER

FRENCH TOUCH SPELLS  
TOUCHE'

CANDID APPROACH  
TO WOMEN

CHARITY BEGINS  
AT HER  
HOUSE

PRIVATE PARTY

ADULTS ONLY





**T**his month MOOD has itchy feet.

We've hit the road in search of a new position for our readers, and we've found it! In fact, we've found several. As you settle back and slowly savor these pages, you'll find yourself hanging from a rafter backstage at a burlesque house, stretched out in the sunny side of a sand dune, out on a limb (literally) and even swinging from the chandelier at a red-hot, strictly private party.

All these acrobatics are a little strenuous, of course, but if you're really serious about your special hobby, you'll find the torrid results are well worth the extra effort. You'll have a completely new and exciting viewpoint of the feminine body beautiful, and your pin-up pictures will be the wildest.

Until now, we've shown you what to do with a model in the privacy of your own apartment, where you could practice to your heart's content and learn by trial and error what makes a good pin-up. Now that you've acquired all the basic experience and every snap of your shutter produces a sexational study of a glamorous girl, it's time to move out into the world and see what fabulous delights lie in store for you wherever you poke your camera.

In this issue, you'll find tips on everything a man needs to know when he steps outside his door and discovers that though the world is filled with a number of things, it is mostly filled with beautiful babes clamoring to give his camera everything they've got.

And we've served up a set of piping-hot illustrations with each article. So be careful turning the pages, or you may get your fingers burned. The models are still sizzling!



# MOOD

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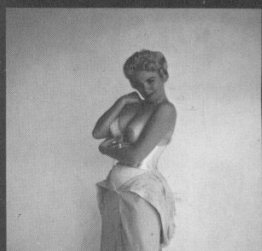




It isn't hard to  
pick up a few  
words of French,  
women go for it.



Happily the French  
touch is something  
you can learn  
in one easy lesson.





# THE FRENCH TOUCH

## SPELLS

By Milton Chevalier

THESE DAYS, what with continental suits, Lincoln Continentals, the continental manner—to say nothing of Continental Can—it is important for an up-and-coming lothario to know what gives with these furriners.

The chances are that the love of your life may have spent some time in Europe. If not, she has an aunt who has. And if not that, she has at least gone to a Rossano Brazzi movie.

The fact that Rosanno Brazzi has a wife who is a plump and motherly type, doesn't matter. The love of your life thinks he's the end—the continental end.

You, she gives you to understand, are square-style, from nowheresville.

From now on, instead of calling her "Doll," which she detests. Try calling her "Cherie." No matter that you don't pronounce it so well, she'll be flattered.

From now on, instead of yelling, "Hey, Lorelei, shake it, will ya, we'll be late for the Bugs Bunny," instead of that, wait for her to come within speaking range and address her in a low vibrant voice: "Allons, ma petite," you say, "nous sommes pretty doggoned late pour la cinema."

She'll probably say something gay and chic like, "Hanh? Wha? wha'dya say?"

Don't pay her any heed. She's just hiding her elation at finding you have the continental touch. Above

her thigh and give her that sad smile. Be sure to do it when she's got a mouthful of those peanuts so she can't yell.

By the time she swallows, you've taken your hand away, sadly and are sadly watching the picture again. And remember, don't laugh. After all, you're continental, you're a man with a past. How can you laugh?

When the movie is over she may want a hot dog. Ignore her. The idea of food at a time like this is barbarian. You convey this thought with a shrug and a mumbled, "Quelle horreur."

Instead, you suggest, "Let's take a stroll along the river. The movement of the water—it—it is like life, like love."

### *With a little Savoire Faire You get a lot of Oo la la!*

Your pants are too wide, you wear a hick-type crewcut and your lips taste of buttermilk, not wine.

The answer to this, in American, is . . . well, you know the answer. In French, it's *merde*.

The point is, however, you can acquire, with very little difficulty, a continental manner which will put you 'way ahead of the game.

What's more it costs far less than a trip to Europe or a plump wife. All you need is the dialogue.

Any simple French or Italian grammar can give you the words. It is up to you, from then on, to sprinkle them like poppy seeds into your conversation.

all, don't laugh.

Continentalers never laugh. They smile. They allow themselves a somewhat quizzical sigh. But mostly they look deadpan and a little droopy around the mouth. That's the expression for you.

True, she may ask, "Whatsamatter, got a toothache?"

Here's where you give it to her both barrels. "Mais, non," you say, then you shrug, and sigh, and droop some more. This will give her pause.

During the movie you don't try to smooth with her or borrow her chocolate coated peanuts. That's kid stuff. Every now and then you pass a slow lingering hand up and down

Make sure there's a river. If you haven't got a river you'll have to find something else to stroll along. The basketball court won't do. Try the park. You can use the line again, "it reminds me of life, of love, etc."

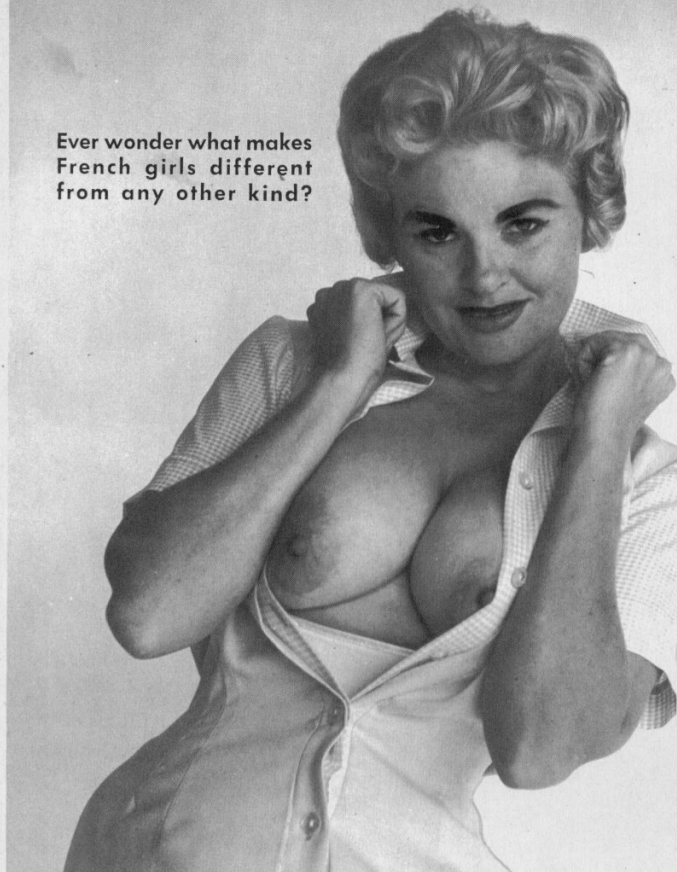
By this time, Lorelei is either enchanted with your new manner or she has decided you are sick and has bummed a ride home with someone else. If she does, just shrug. That's all. Don't say anything. That shrug is mysterious, enigmatic, it will drive her nuts. She'll be calling you up the next day.

Assuming, however, that she really isn't hungry, and is more or less en-

*Continued on the next page*

# TOUCHÉ

Ever wonder what makes French girls different from any other kind?



chanted, you take her strolling along the river—assuming there's a river.

At a certain point, you stop and stare deep into her eyes. You don't speak.

At last she gets uncomfortable. "What'samatter, George," she asks, "am I coming out in spots?"

You squeeze out that faint smile again and murmur sadly, "ah, those eyes," and sadly, you shake your head. You stroll on.

"Yes, go on," she says. You say nothing. By this time she is tugging at your sleeve. "George, what is it, what's the matter with my eyes?"

You pause again. You light a

cigarette. You smoke it. You throw the cigarette in the river. Then you throw the matches in the river. Lorelei is hopping up and down on both feet. At last you mutter, "They enslave me."

She stops short. "Who? What? Who's picking on you, George. Tell me and I'll knock them down."

"No, no, no," you say sadly, "you don't understand — after all, how could you understand—"

"What—for gosh sakes?"

That's when you grip her very firmly by the shoulders and kiss her for at least long enough to hardboil an egg. She'll squirm but don't let go. It's the continental manner.

"Now," you say, turning aside to light another cigarette, "now do you

*Continued on the next page*



Answer is: They speak  
French, also they live in  
France. Otherwise, there  
isn't much difference!







This pauvre petite fille  
can't decide to put 'em  
on or take 'em off, so . . .

understand?"

You have a little difficulty hearing Lorelei's response because she has slumped to a sitting position and is breathing unevenly.

"Ah," you say softly, "so it affects you too, eh?"

"Sure does," she says at last, "I guess I been smoking too much. I better go out for track."

"Ah, track," you say with scorn.

"Track. Is that all you can say at a moment like this?"

"Well, gee, George, I'm a pretty good half-miler and—"

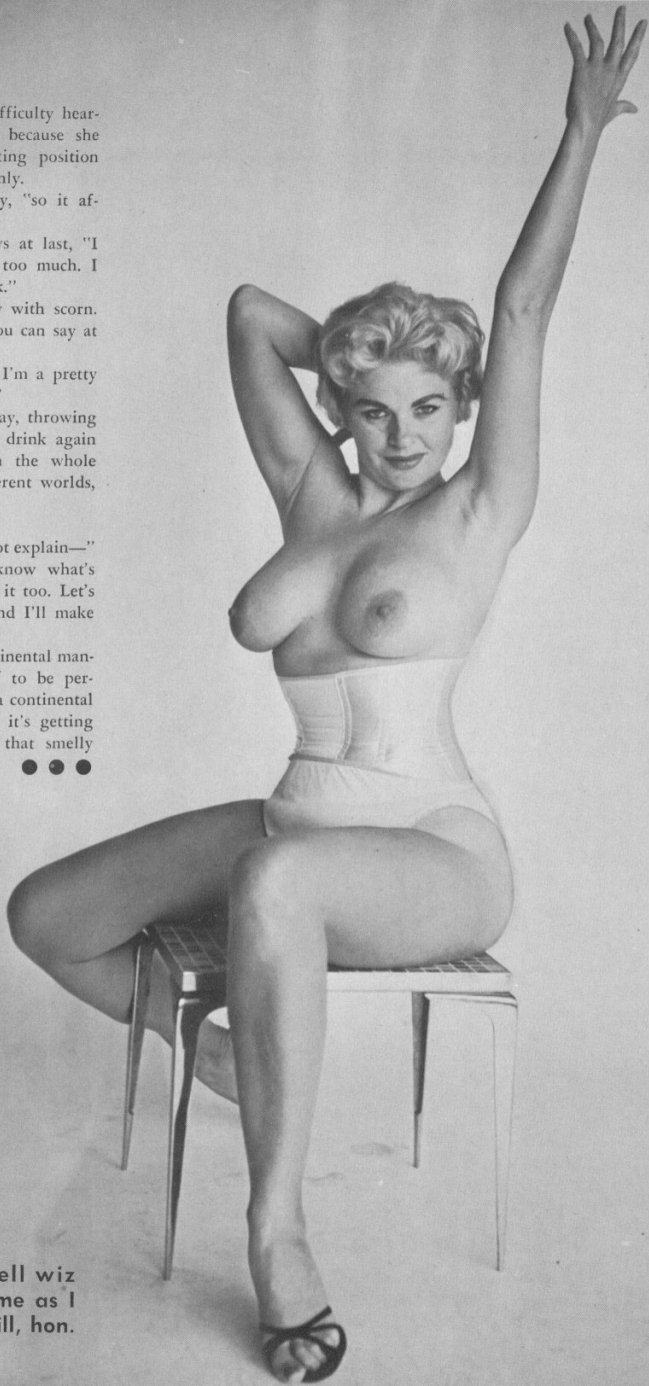
"It is no use," you say, throwing your cigarette into the drink again and following it with the whole pack. "We are of different worlds, you and I."

"Hunh?"

"What I feel—I cannot explain—"

"Listen, George, I know what's wrong with you, I feel it too. Let's go back to my place and I'll make us a sandwich."

You shrug in the continental manner and allow yourself to be persuaded. After all, even a continental has to eat, and besides it's getting kind of damp around that smelly old river.



She says, "Ze 'ell wiz it, let zem take me as I am." Zey sure will, hon.

# WEDDING PORTRAIT

## *Kissing the bride is traditional -*

It's a wise man who takes his camera to a wedding party — not merely to photograph the radiant bride and her smiling groom. More important than that is to capture that look of wistful expectation and vicarious delight, on the faces of the bridal attendants.

Weddings, although they happen all the time, are nevertheless a sacred ritual to all unmarried girls. Even the girl who says ruefully about herself, "always a bridesmaid, never a bride," is voicing her impatience for that lovely day when she will toss away her bouquet — instead of catching it from someone luckier than herself.

With this in mind, the would-be photographer or the seasoned professional never overlooks the opportunity to ply his trade at a wedding. He can bring his camera for cash or merely as an act of friendship.

In either case he'll get more champagne than the father of the bride and above all — he'll be able to add to his list of eligible prospects.

To be sure, there are usually one or more married women in the wedding party. And it is our advantage to turn your camera toward this smiling matron for a courtesy

"Always a bride's maid, never a bride," is our gal's sad lament.





But we wonder, what, on earth is she doing still free and single?

# WEDDING PORTRAIT

## *Kissing the maid of honor is smart!*

shot and then move on to other and more promising things.

More often than not, one among the bridal party will have some attribute of physical beauty which will repay your doing some extra work in the dark room.

It may be a beautiful face, a lovely billowing form gently molded by the pastel satin of her bridal attendant's gown. It may be, if you are very lucky, both of these things, plus that one indefinable something more which makes a picture of a beautiful woman the most exciting thing in the world.

If you've found such a girl as this you ought to lavish the attention on her that you would normally reserve for your most skillful model. It is highly probable that this is exactly what she'll turn out to be.

Take her picture carefully, remove her, when it is decently possible, from the crowd of well-wishers and get her aside in a quiet room where you can concentrate on your work.

She cannot fail to be flattered. And this combination of your attentions, plus her own surging emotions at participating in the sacred rite of a wedding, will give you pic-

*Continued on the next page*



Every girl gives out with that "extra something," when she gets a chance to pose in the delicate folds of a shimmering bridal veil.





**A girl can get mighty impatient waiting for the right man to come along and make her his bride.**

tures that may surprise you both.

But don't stop there. She'll be disappointed if you do. Ask her to come and pose for you within a few days. Tell her also that you'd like her to appear in the same gown in your studio.

Chances are that she has been dying for someone to bring out the best in her and that she'll take you up on it. If she's still a little dubious, make an appointment to show her the pictures you've already taken. When you show them to her, she'll hardly be able to resist your invitation to take more.

That day will come, the day when she arrives at your studio — curious, shy, nervous perhaps — but still feeling the traces of emotion that she felt on that wedding day.

Invite her to change into her gown. And as you go about setting your lights and maneuvering your

camera into place, talk to her lightly about the wedding, about the friends you have in common, and above all, about the honeymoon that is in progress at this very moment.

You will notice that she begins to unfold before your very eyes. All the shyness and reserve that you first saw are gone now. Her eyes grow large and her mouth curves with desire, and her very body seems to take on an extra dimension, the dimension of wished-for love.

As you continue to photograph her you notice that her figure is more spectacular than you had first observed. You continue to compliment and reassure her, posing her with just a gentle touch and evoking her responses with soothing talk.

When you have completed all the poses of her in her gown, you then

suggest that she take a breather, have a drink and a cigarette.

You tell her then what you have in mind, that you would like to do figure work and that she appears to be an exquisite model.

At first she will probably exhibit a trace of shyness. But you quickly reassure her that she will be adequately draped. You tell her how lovely she looked at the wedding and secretly she will begin to feel a need to show you just how lovely she really is.

This is the moment you've been waiting for. You let her take whatever pose seems natural to her, withholding your suggestions, and allowing her natural urge to grow.

Little by little she will become bolder and more self-assured. Soon she will forget the drapery and give you the poses you want, the

*Continued on the next page*



The dream of being a bride is almost as exciting to a pretty girl as the dream of her honeymoon.



full unobscured view.

You gasp with delight at the beauties she has been hiding under her gown. And as you resume your talk about the wedding, you will discover that a new look has come into her eyes. Her breath seems to move a little faster. And you have

trouble recording in your camera all the yearning, sensuous poses that her hungry body displays.

If you have done your work well, you will have a masterpiece of photography, a combination of feminine beauty and womanly emotion that no professional model could pro-

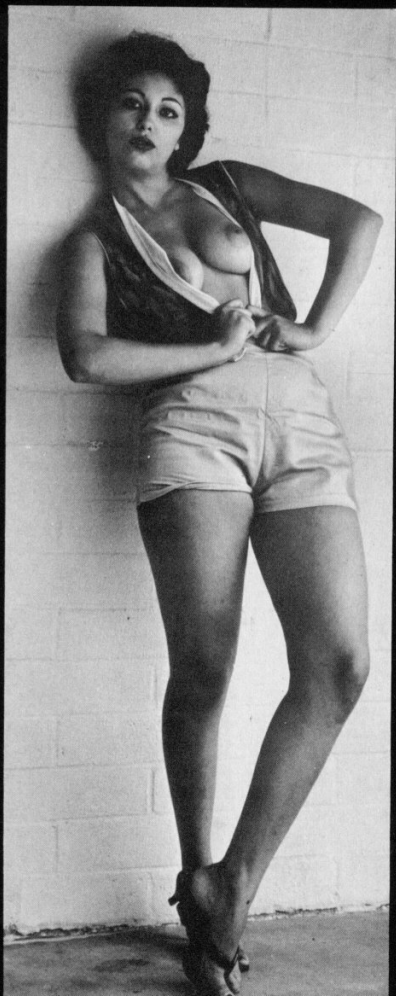
vide.

And if you are an understanding male as well as a skillful cameraman, she may be willing to pose with you for that most delicious aftermath of the wedding, that honeymoon trip you've both been waiting for.



Shooting a model in wedding dress brings out the very best in her.





# INTERCON

*There's a world of women to choose from right in your own back yard!*

By Lowell J. Phipps

**W**ITHOUT QUESTION, the greatest single advantage of the jet age is that it puts rare and inaccessible women at our fingertips.

We are all aware that ours is a shrunken world. Travel time between continents is only a matter of a few hours.

If a man wants to change his luck in London or have a fling in France, he can leave New York in the morning and be back with a hangover the very next day.

More important than this, however, especially for the man who hasn't got the price of a jet flight in his jeans, is the fact that thousands of lovely foreign creatures are already here!

The post-war period accelerated a trend which started years ago. Now, with hundreds of international organizations, ranging from government legations, commercial and industrial firms, international institu-







# TINENTAL MISS

tions and exchange students—there is a bountiful supply of continental charm right in our own back yard.

We are not talking either, about that small handful of international playgirls who have a penthouse in every port. We're talking about lovely, delightful and *reachable* creatures who talk just like the girl next door, except with a foreign accent.

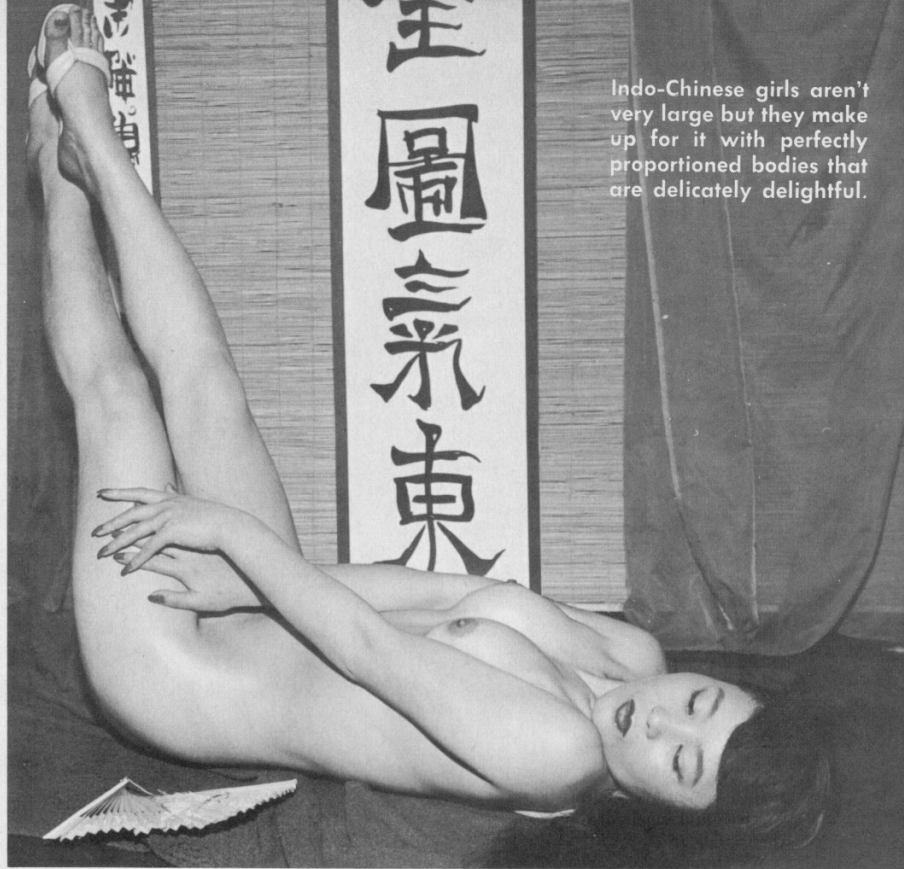
It is true that most of these girls live in the large cities, although at least a few are to be found in the average university town.

And whether they live in a small town or in a large city, they have one thing in common: they are mad about American men. The old story of opposites attracting, gives you an added assist.

Starting with the most exotic and delicate of these imports, the Indo-Chinese girls definitely deserve at-

*Continued on the next page*





Indo-Chinese girls aren't very large but they make up for it with perfectly proportioned bodies that are delicately delightful.

tention. There are quite a few of them in this country, either as students, or office workers in commercial firms or government agencies.

Indo-Chinese girls are small and flower-like. They have delicately chiseled features and although they have a distinct Oriental look, this look is different from Chinese girls. Their skin is a golden olive color and they have large, lustrous eyes.

Their bodies are extraordinarily beautiful, supple, slim, velvety. They have sharp, bud-like breasts, slim hips and for all their delicacy, are astonishingly sinuous and strong.

Indo-Chinese girls, according to connoisseurs, make the world's finest mistresses. They are absolutely loyal, intensely passionate, and devote

themselves to all the little, but important ways of pleasing a man.

Moreover, their knowledge of how to please a man has to be experienced to be believed.

Diametrically opposed, in geographical, as well as a physical sense, are the Scandinavian girls, of whom there are many thousands in the U.S. These run all the way from strikingly handsome airline hostesses to office girls, students, journalists, etc.

The Scandinavian girls, Swedes, Danes, Norse and Finns are all surprisingly different. The Swedish girls are usually tall and superbly built. They have large powerful breasts and magnificently athletic thighs. Swedish girls ski and ride

bicycles a great deal and this hearty exercise gives a statuesque quality to their bodies that makes them the most beautiful showgirls in the world.

Norwegian girls are not quite so large, but equally athletic, tend to be dark haired more often, and are as quick to love a man as their Swedish sisters. These girls do not stand on ceremony and if they like a man they will peel off their sweaters the moment the front door is closed.

English girls are equally common in the United States and they are perhaps the most desirable of our Western European imports.

One of the most distorted myths of our time is the one that says the

English are cold. This may be true of Englishmen, but it is not, you will discover, true of their women.

This is all the more surprising because English women usually are wonderfully polite and have an air of unmistakable reserve. But they also have a quality of down-to-earthness that few other women possess.

When all the hanky panky is done and the hour is growing late, an English girl will quite calmly say, "well, I do think it is getting time for bed—do you prefer the right or the left side?"

English girls, once a man gets to know them, are extraordinarily passionate, almost completely uninhibited and have an appetite for love that will gratify the most active

male.

Italian girls are also to be found in this country, and although they exist in fewer number, they make up for it in quality.

Italian girls are at their very best between the ages of 18 and 28 and happily, that is the kind you will most ordinarily find. They have the kind of bodies that have made their movie stars so popular in this country and they are almost volcanic in their responses.

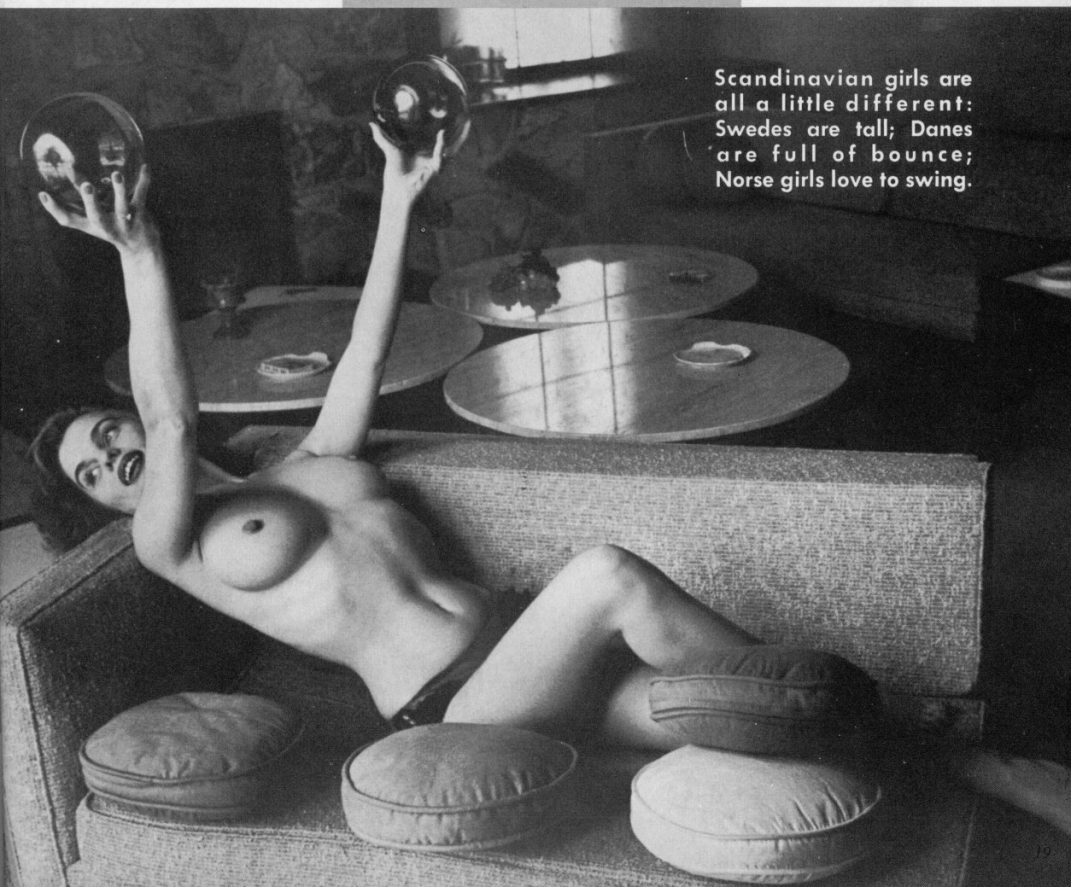
Italian girls are more shy than Northern European girls and they are therefore harder to approach. Once the approach has been made, and made successfully, the battle is almost over. Italian girls, like French girls, make their yes or no

decision before you take them out. If they let you take them out at all, you may be 99.44% sure that the answer is yes.

They are more romantic, more sensitive to the subtleties of courtship than Northern European girls. In short, while willing and eager, they do not like to be wrestled into the prone position. Gradual attention, stroking, caressing is what they require—up to a point. Beyond that point there is no holding them back.

Because these lovely creatures are so intensely passionate, they can and will go on making love all night long. And far from tiring, they seem to get more and more excited as time goes on. If they can

*Continued on the next page*



**Scandinavian girls are all a little different: Swedes are tall; Danes are full of bounce; Norse girls love to swing.**

Italian girls shoot  
off volcanic sparks.



find a man who will give them what they want, they will treat him like a god.

From the other side of the world come two precious groups of females, Hindus and Japanese, who are also to be found in great numbers in this country.

Both are linked together in one common aspect of culture: their infinite knowledge of the arts of love. As many a G.I. knows, Japanese girls are meticulously trained in the arts of love from the time that they are very young.

This is also true of Indian girls, many of whom have read the magnificent ancient volumes available in their country on the hundred and thirty positions of love, the elaborate rituals of preparation, etc.

Both Japanese and Indian girls have another thing in common, the thing that makes all Oriental women so desirable to American males: they have a loyalty and devotion to their men that is completely self-less.





When these girls give themselves to a man they give everything they have, nothing barred.

There are, to be sure, thousands of other foreign girls in this country who cannot be listed in detail for lack of space.

The important thing to remember is that these girls are in a strange land. They are powerfully attracted to American men, especially those whose physical attributes are most directly opposite to theirs. That is, blonde Swedish and English girls



go wild for dark, swarthy types, etc.

In addition, most of these women come from lands where the standard of living is far lower than our own; they are content with less. They don't want minks or Cadillacs. What they want is a man.

Finally, being lonely and in a strange land, they are hungry for male companionship. To deny them this satisfaction would be nothing less than inhospitable. Break down, men, give these poor strangers a chance.



Turkish gals are bitter-sweet like coffee.





# BURLESQUE...



*Back stage the girls  
are just like the*

**A**ny man with a well-rounded education has made it a point to visit a burlesque house occasionally, to study the dance techniques of Creamy Puff and Lolly Pop and other such highly endowed artists. If he has seen the show only as a member of the audience, however, he has been missing more than half the fun. Burlesque, from out front, is like making love to a woman who never, ever turns around.

Your camera in hand is the "Open Sesame" that will let you breeze past the stage doorman into the bustling excitement of bare flesh backstage.

Once into the special world of this fascinating kind of show business, station yourself next to the girls' dressing rooms. After all, you didn't come here to shoot pictures of the comedians. One by one, the sexy strippers will drift in to prepare for the evening performance. As they wiggle by you, they'll eye you suspiciously until your camera catches their eyes. Then you'll be rewarded with some dazzling, welcoming smiles. Strippers love publicity.

You may even be able to wangle an invitation into one of the girls' dressing rooms where, hampered only by a modestly concealing

# REAR VIEW



*girl next door*

*- only more so!*

screen, you'll be able to get some pictures of a stripper doing the preliminary strip when she sheds her street clothes and puts on the working clothes from which she will strip on stage. After the performance of course, she has to get dressed once more. Any man who leaves without having had abundant opportunities to use up all his film, just hasn't been trying.

In the last few minutes before show time, dressing room doors will start popping open and so will your eyes, as you find yourself surrounded by a sea of breathtaking femininity.

Voluptuous girls will be prancing all around you, practicing bits and pieces of their intricate routines. It can be a little disconcerting to glance behind you and find a talented tootsie nonchalantly twirling her left breast clockwise while the right one revolves in perfect unison, counterclockwise, but it sure is mighty interesting.

A bouncy brunette will be hurrying along when she suddenly stops with a thoughtful frown to execute a perfectly tossed bump and grind. She studies her own movements critically, then shrugs her shoulders and hurries on her way. And all the girls, in the midst of their gya-

*Continued on the next page*





tions and adjustments, will carefully remember to keep flashing you those dizzying smiles.

You, there, with the camera are a VIP. Each girl will be trying to outmaneuver the other to get into your line of vision and attract your attention by demonstrating the best she's got.

All this bold, girlish activity geared especially for you, can be a little overwhelming. It's a little like having stumbled into paradise when you thought you were just going around the corner for a short beer, and you'll find yourself wishing it would never end.

But the comedians have finished

their patter and the orchestra has struck up the throbbing, hot-blooded heat that rouses every man to attention, and the first of the bountiful beauties struts sensually out onto the stage. With your private view from the wings, you can get some pictures that the fellows out in front don't get to see.







This is the rear view of burlesque. If the prop man is not around, you may even be lucky enough to have the titilating stripper toss her bra at you. When you catch it, it will be still warm from her body heat, and seem to have a life of its own. As she bumps her way back to center stage in her pasties and G-

string, she'll glance back and give you a playful wink.

There comes the moment when the last roll of the drums tells you that the show is over, and so is your fun-filled shooting spree. Slightly let-down after all the excitement, you head reluctantly for the door. But wait! Here's a tip for

you. Stick around. After the audience is cleared out and the performers have gone home, in the small hours of the night rehearsals will begin on next week's show, and those 2 a.m. rehearsals are ten times hotter than the show!

No more film in your camera? So what? Who needs film?



# MELANCHOLY DAME

By Sam Elbeart

THERE ARE two moments in a woman's life when she inevitably turns on the tears: when she has been played fast and loose and didn't make a dime out of it, and when she sees her daughter get married.

There are other occasions when she *may* begin crying, though it is by no means certain: when she smears her fingernail polish, when she loses out in a struggle at the bargain counter, and when her daughter doesn't get married.

Such moments — these times of strife and teardrops—are potentially dangerous to you as a man. Not because you are responsible for her distress, but because she feels that men in general are responsible for her distress — in general. At such times, she may become violent, moody, spiteful (more so than usual), and—worst of all—frigid.

Think of the wasted time and effort you could spend on a woman caught up in one of her petty frustration and piques. Consider your own frustration when, with high hopes of an evening in the sack, you find your lady with its tail in a

door. With luck, you could escape with most of your sanity and no more than a welt over your eyebrow. With luck, that is.

Without luck, on the other hand, you could find yourself served with a breach of promise subpoena, a maternity suit or even a warrant for willful assault with intent to commit rape. Not to mention such minor points as a ruined reputation, a flattened ego and assorted contusions.

However, there is a way out. In fact, there are two ways out—but we don't recommend the second course, which is to run like hell. This accomplishes nothing except unnecessary development of certain leg muscles. The other way, however, the one we do recommend, is to learn how to handle such attacks of feminine distress and turn them to your own advantage.

The first step in the process is learning the facets of the female mind. Men have devoted bootless years to this study, to be sure, with no more to show for it than advanced paranoia.



*There's a system and a reward for perking up a sad sister.*

*Always assume that women are illogical - they are!*

There is a way to simplify the problem, however. That is to constantly assume that the female is going to do the most illogical thing. With this assumption firmly in mind, you may on occasion be surprised—but never unpleasantly. And knowing this, you are well on your way to Understanding Women.

Okay, you've arrived at your girl friend's house one evening and found her in a state of emotional deshabille. She tells you that her favorite hair stylist was arrested that morning for homosexuality and that his substitute made an absolute shambles of her coiffure.

It looks all right to you—oh, a little wilder than usual, but what the hell? You tell her so, and she screams that you don't understand her problems. You're feelingless.

Your first impulse is to button her lip with your fist. Your second is to tell her where to stuff her coiffure. But you don't or rather, you shouldn't. You should, at a time like this, agree with her.

"I think you're right," you say. "They had no business arresting the

poor man."

"Oh, to hell with him," she fires back. "What about my hair?"

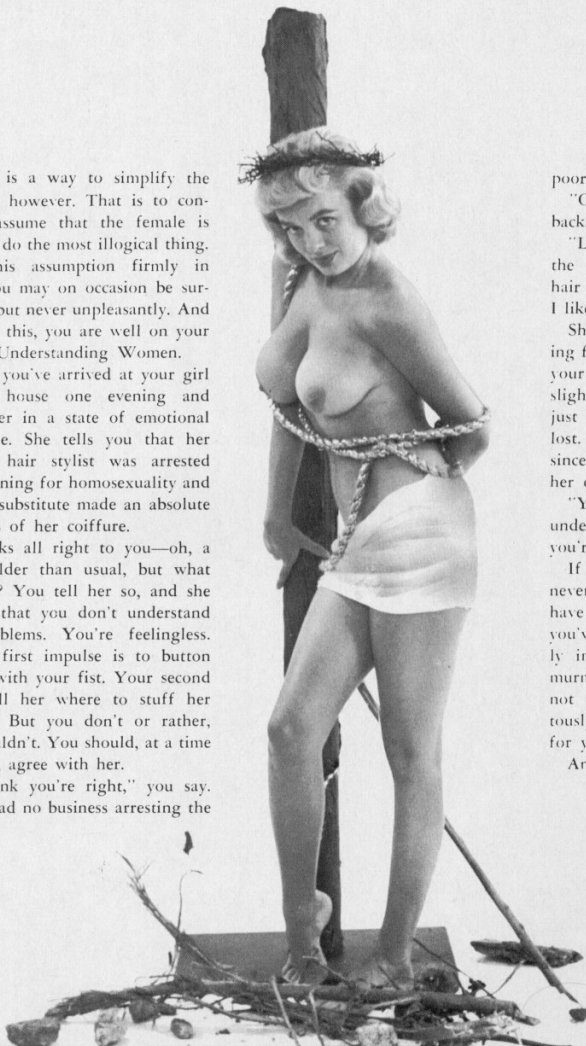
"Listen," you go on, fighting back the urge to belt her one, "your hair looks like a starling's nest, but I like it."

She looks at you narrowly, searching for a sign of insincerity. This is your real test. If you show the slightest sign of sarcasm, deceit or just happen to be yawning, you're lost. But if you manage to look sincere, she's beginning to forget her dudgeon. Then she might say:

"You're the only one who really understands me. I feel safe when you're near."

If that isn't a come-on, we've never encountered one—and neither have you. Don't destroy the gains you've made by leaping precipitously into her arms with passionate murmurs. Talk it up some more; not too much. *Then* leap precipitously into her arms. She's ready for you by that time.

And you've earned your reward.



# MELANCHOLY DAME

*You may think you've got your girl tied up in knots - but don't count on it!*



*Give her enough rope, you think, and she'll hang herself -*

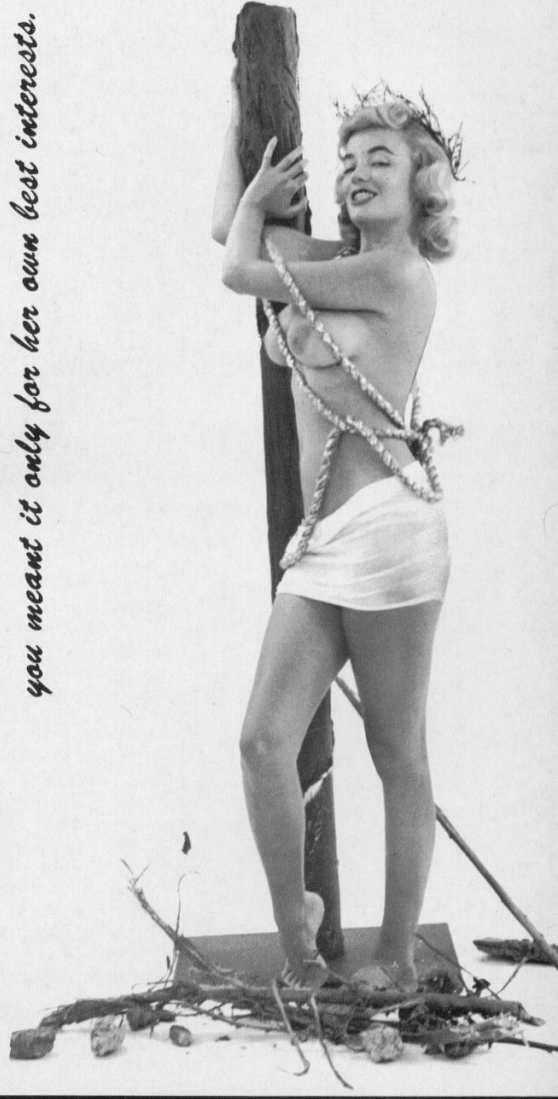
*uh, uh, you're the one who'll hang!*





*Of course, she'll be sweet and tender as she sees*

*you meant it only for her own best interests. Hah!*






# CANDID

# APPROACH

# TO WOMEN

*The most exciting poses are those  
that are totally frank!*

By Will Bond



To deal with women in an open, straightforward manner is equivalent to playing poker with transparent cards. You're licked before you start and you'd have more fun if you curled up in bed with a good book.

To invite a woman to deal with you in the same manner is even more devastating. Not only do you appear dull, unchallenging and obvious, you're asking her to surrender her two most powerful weapons — her mask and her pose.

There is, however, a candid approach to women that yields startling results. It is the candid camera approach and it is a game for experts or for gifted amateurs at the very least.

The pictures that you take of your lovely creature, when she has her guard down — when she is idly brushing her silk-soft hair, when she is stretching her body catlike in the

sun, when she is admiring the fit of a new sweater in her full length mirror — these are pictures that catch the very essence of her beauty. These are the pictures she wants to see.

But woe to the man who takes candid shots of his lady love when she has just stepped into the apartment with her arms loaded with packages and a key case in her teeth. Woe to the man who snaps his love as she bends over a hot oven to rescue flaming lamb chops from oblivion, or when she has just discovered a run in her nylons, or when she is in the throes of a good stiff drunk or a head cold.

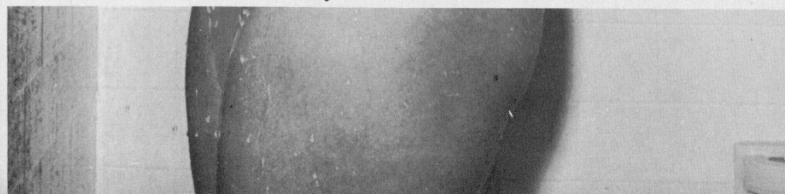
These are moments that had better be left in the dark room. These particular candid shots can break up a beautiful friendship.

In other words, the thing for the candid photographer to keep in

*Continued on the next page*



*No girl can refuse to pose in the shower  
if the camera-man is expert.*





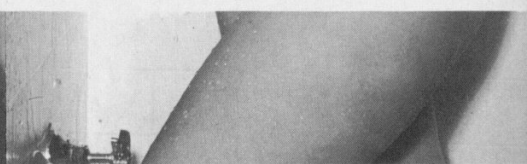
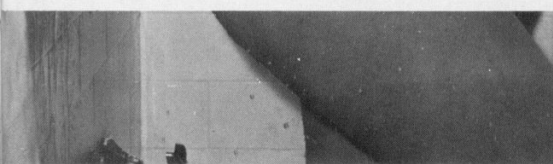
*The advantage of the candid camera*







*era is that it enables you to  
photograph continuous motion as it develops before your eyes*





A good candid camera-man is beloved by women; he brings out her best.

mind is to be candid, but careful. Selection is the key word and discretion must be the rule.

It makes no difference how dramatic the picture is, the lighting couldn't interest her less, the composition is a bore. If she has her hair down and her face knotted in anger or if you've caught her in an awkward pose — you could be the most gifted photographer in the world . . . and she'll hate you all her life.

It is for this reason, and a good one from the woman's point of view, that women are generally suspicious of candid photographers. Female actresses dread them worse than the approach of old age.

Any female, no matter what her station, knows there are moments when she has all the glamour of

a word-out cellulose sponge. She doesn't need you to remind her of that, and even less does she need to have this recorded on film.

Yet, it is also true, that while women know their weak points, they are also anxious to exhibit their good points and to the candid camera-man, this is the thin edge of the wedge.

The ardent candid photographer can overcome his dear one's suspicion by a variety of ways — all of which, require patience. The first step should always be: let her examine the camera, let her use it on you.

This may seem elementary but it is a basic device with wary subjects, whether they be children, primitive tribesmen or sophisticated women.

Familiarization with the little black box will dissipate some of its mystery and some of its power to compel awe.

The next step is to take a few pictures only and to take them in an unobtrusive way. *Note:* nothing is more obtrusive than saying to a woman, "just give me a smile for a moment than you can go back to what you're doing." The smile she gives you would do justice to a spectator at a particularly pleasant hanging.

The best method is to say, "don't worry about posing — I'm just planning my shots. I'll let you know when I'm going to shoot."

This will reassure her that you aren't going to sneak a snap of her when she has a soup spoon in her

A damsel asleep is a perfect subject for the ardent candid lensman.



mouth or when she's fishing around for an annoying wrinkle in her bra. Naturally, you shoot her off guard, but you also let her know a few times in advance so that she thinks the session is on the up and up.

The next step is what happens in the dark room. You exercise careful judgement and throw out at least half of the shots you took. Do not look at them from a photographer's point of view. Look at them from her point of view. That's the only way to get her on your side.

When you have winnowed your take carefully and show them to her, her reaction should be, and often will be, one of ill-concealed delight. She may not say it straight out, but she is thinking . . . "Hm, I always thought I was a little flat-chested,

but that new sweater makes me look like a 38-C . . . No doubt about it, I have good legs, but I must remember to wear seamless stockings the next time . . . that new eye makeup is a knockout, especially with the light behind my head . . ."

If she has thoughts like these, and she should have if you've done your work well, you've achieved an almost total success. From then on, your role as a candid photographer will acquire a new importance.

You will find that she actually wants to pose for you. And as you steadfastly deny the need for poses, she will understand that what you want is her, all of her, *au naturelle*.

As her enthusiasm mounts she will become more and more intimate with you — and your camera.

She will offer you poses, exhibit moods that you might never have seen. Soon she will throw aside all restraints and take on an eagerness to exhibit all her charms.

She won't be able to wait for you to return to your darkroom and may join you in the fascinating moment of revelation, as her form takes shape in the chemical bath.

Needless to say, there are certain developments which take place in darkrooms which have nothing to do with photography, candid or otherwise.

But now that you have gained her total confidence and admiration, there remains only one final step: these are the pictures that you make together with the self-timer. These can be the most candid of all.









**W**HETHER YOU know it or not, your dollar has shrunk to about .50 since the end of World War Two. Not only that, but a lot of people have shrunken too, trying to eat on these dollars.

This calls for a revolutionary change, not only in eating habits, but in methods of courtship as well. It's true that, nowadays, the word courtship is a bit old fashioned. Either you make out or you get bombed. Presumably, you don't court.

Well, you still pay. And this is where the revolution is needed. Whether you actually make out or whether you are just on your way to jackpot-ville, it still costs you money.

It should cost you little or nothing.

After all, women work too. Women get their meals and drinks bought for them, to say nothing of their rent and minks. Let them bear some of the burden of day to day making out.

A really wise move, of course, is to get yourself a woman who is well supplied with rent and minks and whose refrigerator is well-stocked with food and liquor. Some people are squeamish about drinking another man's hooch but this is an old-fashioned attitude.

Curiously enough, there is frequently a touch of the old fashioned girl in the dame who lets her boy friend pay her rent and car loan. Very often you find this kind of girl

actually looking for a way to reduce her guilt for taking all this stuff. You are a perfect way.

Let her feed you, wine you, buy you presents, do your laundry. It will make her feel just wonderful. It will also stretch your paycheck.

But assuming you don't find a girl like this, and after all, they don't grow on trees, you can still adopt, what we call, the parity system.

"Mavis," you say one fine day, "it's lots of fun going around from joint to joint, clicking out heels and popping root beer corks, but it is getting us nowhere."

"Hunh, what do you mean, George?"

"Our future," you say meaningfully. "We're not saving up anything for the future."

Now, the fact is, that you no more envision a future with Mavis than you'd contemplate moving in with a sabre-toothed tiger, but you know she'll fall for it. And she does.

"From now on," she says, rising to the spirit of your argument, "we'll eat at my house two nights a week."

Now you're getting somewhere. Unfortunately, Mavis can't cook anything more complicated than a TV dinner, but given time, you might be able to train her.

After you've dined at Mavis' house for a couple of weeks, you bring up the subject of laundry.

"Do you realize," you say, "that it costs me a quarter to have a

shirt washed and ironed? And then they ruin them."

Mavis should by this time be fairly well softened up. She should offer to do your laundry. If she doesn't, just bring it around in a bundle, next time you come by.

This will do two things, cut down your laundry bills, and also keep Mavis busy so you won't have to go out one extra night a week.

Laundry, of course, is just the beginning. Mavis doesn't know how to knit, but you need socks. "After all," you say, "for our future, you ought to know how to knit." This will reduce her to a soft puddle of day dreams and while she is thus occupied, you hand her a ball of yarn.

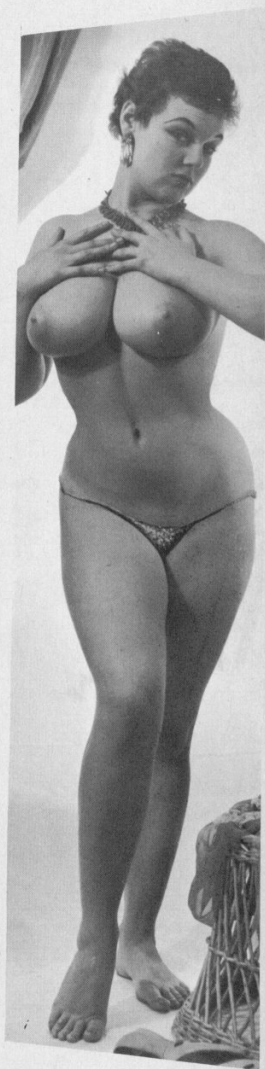
Naturally, you can't ask Mavis to pay your rent, but you can ask for contributions to maintaining the car. Gas is expensive and frequent repairs are necessary because you want her to be absolutely safe. If she feels the strain, suggest that she get in some overtime at the office. Or maybe she can do typing in her spare time.

By this time you've got Mavis so busy washing your shirts, knitting your sox, working overtime to support you, that you hardly see her at all.

You're saving a lot of money, you've got a lot of free time on your hands. What you need to do now, is go out and find another girl. Preferably somebody rich. ●●●

# CHARITY BEGINS AT HER HOUSE

*If you can't claim  
her as an exemption.*



*make her contribute*

*to your welfare!*

# THE TOUCH THAT TICKLES



The young lawyer, fresh out of his bar exam, was looking for a small town in which to start his practice. He found a little place that looked just about right and he pulled his car to a stop in front of an old country filling station. An old timer was sitting out front and the lawyer hailed him.

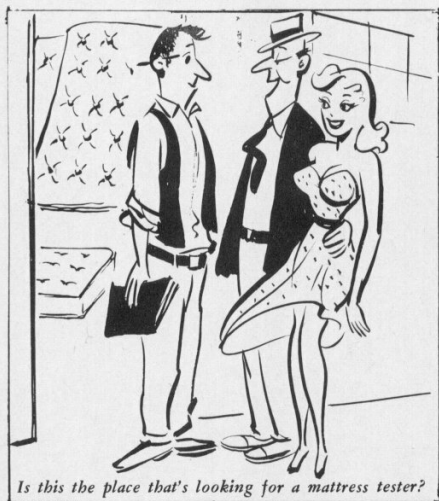
"Say, Gramp, can you tell me where's the court house?"

"How's that again?" the old-timer said.

"I said—" then the lawyer paused. He realized the old man was hard of hearing. He got out of his car, went up and put his face close to the old man's ear. After repeating his question several times, he saw the light of understanding in the old man's eyes. The gaffer replied:

"There ain't any in this here town, you just got to whistle after 'em and pick 'em up in the street."

\* \* \* \*



Then there was the mouse who broke the news to his pals about his engagement.

"OK," they said, "we'll now see if you're a man or a mouse. If you love her to pieces tonight, we'll agree that you're a man, but if you don't, you're just a mouse."

"Hell," the mouse said, "I guess I'm just a rat. I took care of all that *last night*."

\* \* \* \*

Young married school teachers like to play games as anybody and at a recent party they had thought of a new stunt. All the wives were blindfolded and all the men stripped down to their shorts. The girls had to go down the line, touching the men and guessing who was who. This involved a good deal of hilarity, naturally, and while the game was in full cry, the school principal dropped by. They begged him to join in the fun but he modestly demurred. "After all," he said with dignity, "I could hardly play a game like this in my position."

"I don't know why not, Mr. Foster," said one young male teacher, "your name has already been mentioned two or three times."

\* \* \* \*

The newlyweds were nervous, naturally, and one of the things that unsettled them was the gift of a smart talking parrot from a rich, but rather naughty uncle. They followed instructions carefully, covering the parrot's cage each night (and sometimes in the afternoon) with a heavy cloth. When they lay in each other's arms they spoke in whispers. And so the honeymoon passed. On the last morning of their visit, they got up early to pack for the trip home. The parrot remained silent in his covered cage.

By this time, of course, their suitcases had become overloaded with resort clothes and souvenirs and they were having difficulty getting them closed. Both of them were breathing hard.

"Now, let's see," the husband grunted, "you get on top. No, no. Maybe it's better if you push and I'll get on top." He paused and sighed. "Hell, that's not so good either. Tell you what, let's both get on top."

There was a sharp squawk from the cage. "Hey, take this damn cover off," the parrot said, "this, I wanta see."



In the British Admiralty war room, a curvy WREN (lady sailor) was sticking pins in a map to mark the progress of a convoy on maneuvers. A doughty British sea lord strode in and took a long look at the map. Then he turned to an aide.

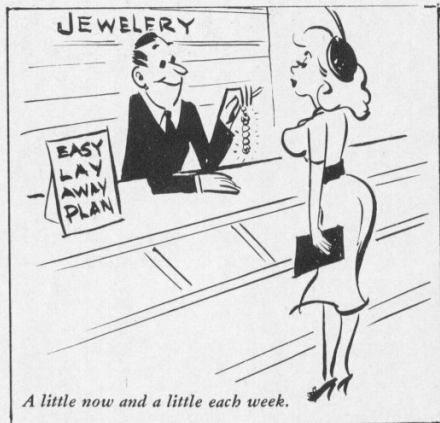
"Captain," he said, "either that female rating will have to wear panties, or we shall have to move that convoy to the North Atlantic."

\* \* \* \*

Three college professors were on a street corner when three ladies of the evening strolled by. The girls stopped and held up ten fingers and winked provocatively at the men. When the men didn't reply, they sashayed on. "What would you call that, Dingly," Johnson asked a professor of physics.

"I'd call that a triad of triatomics," he replied. How about you? "I'd call that a trilogy of trochaics," a poetry prof replied.

"As for me," said a young literature professor, "I'd call that an anthology of prose."



The car was irresistible and the salesman's patter was even more so. The guy signed the contract and then went outside to claim his new convertible. He was astonished to find a gorgeous redhead perched on the front seat.

"Uh, there must be a mistake," he mumbled, "you see, I just bought this car."

"Not at all," she smiled invitingly, "you get me with the car."

Delighted, the young man drove off, pausing now and then to reassure himself with a glance that the girl was real. "How about a cigarette," he asked.

"Of course," she said, offering him a pack, "you get that with the car."

"Hmm, I don't suppose you have any Scotch."

"Certainly," she laughed, pulling out a silver flask, "you get that with the car."

"A kiss?" he asked hesitantly.

"Why not," she said warmly, "you get it with the car."

Pretty soon he spotted a motel and drove into the parking area with the intention of renting a room.

"Oh, so sorry," the girl said, "you got that back at the car lot."



Sam's wife wouldn't give him a divorce no matter what. Even though they fought like cats and dogs and couldn't stand each other, she wouldn't give in.

There's only one thing to do, a friend told him, you'll have to get her out of the way. "Do you know," he said, "that it is actually possible to kill a wife with an excess of sex?"

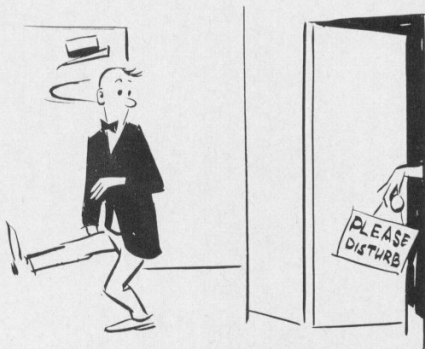
This was a new idea to Sam and it seemed like a good one. "Make love to her three times a night," his friend said, "and in about two years she'll just pass away."

Sam entered enthusiastically into the plan and time passed. About three years later, his friend decided to pay him a visit and he went around to Sam's house thinking to find the situation just about cured. When he went into the house he found Sam huddled in a wheel chair, a blanket around his quivering shoulders, a palsy in his hands, his cheeks flapping beneath his hollow eyes. His wife on the other hand, rosy cheeked and robust, was bustling around the house.

"The three years are almost up," the friend said, "I just thought I'd check to see how you were doing."

"Three years will be up tomorrow morning," Sam croaked. "Heh, heh, just look at her. She doesn't know she has only twenty-four more hours to live."

\* \* \* \* \*



The casting director had the starlet in his office and his fountain pen was hovering over the dotted line. "Tell me," he said with an air of coming to the crucial question, "are you a virgin?"

The starlet paused, not wanting to lose the job nor did she want to appear a tramp. "Well, yes," she said slowly, "I am but I'm not fanatic about it."

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*





# THE MODELS GO

*Be your own casting director*



When you've got far enough along out of the ranks of the amateurs and have arrived at the point where you're using professional models regularly, you'll one day be very pleasantly surprised to realize that something new has been added to your life.

You are now a casting director!

You're one of those characters they whisper all the stories about in show business. The very words "casting director" bring to mind a lucky guy leaning back with his feet on his desk in a plush and homey office complete with the all-important casting couch and a steady procession of young eager beauties parading through, pleading for his attention.

The day you suddenly realize that you, too, are casting pictures, it may come as a bit of a shock to realize that what you're doing bears very little resemblance to that classic image. But that's all superficial. Even though you're doing your casting in your own living room or tiny, unglamorous studio, the joys of the job remain the same.

When you're shelling out your hard-earned money in model's fees,

you're not going to hire a girl sight unseen. Knowing what kind of a girl you want for the particular shooting you plan to do, you call one of the agencies and let your wants be known. Then the girl comes to you for inspection and appraisal. So settle back and enjoy it. Put your feet up on the coffee table and revel in the glory of being the man of power.

A model's job involves making the rounds. She spends as much time going around and applying for jobs as she does in actual modeling and these interviews, since they spell success or failure, are the most important thing in the world to her.

When she checks in with her agency and gets the call to appear at your place for an interview, she dashes home to prepare herself. She works as carefully on her makeup and clothes as if she were dressing for a date. And while she grooms herself with slightly unsteady hands, her mind is churning with thoughts of you, you, you. To her, you are a mystery man, high up in the world of success. Unlike some girls whom you meet strictly socially, the model applying for a job comes to you

# ROUND and ROUND

— — — *or king of the couch!*

with the firm understanding that you are her superior, able to pass on her beauty and with the power to make her day good or bad with the wave of your hand or the nod of your head.

As she dresses and hurries over to your apartment, she turns your name over and over in her head. From the sound of it, she tries to get intuitive clues about you; what kind of a man you are, what kind of women you like, what would please you most. She'll even worry about the fact that perhaps you don't like women in pink and she should have worn black. Already, before you've even met, this model has tried harder to please you than other girls do.

When she rings your doorbell, her fingers are crossed for good luck and she is firmly geared to one idea—making you like her.

When you open the door, you find a breathtaking voluptuous brunette. Her dress displays every curve of her full-blown figure, her shapely legs are encased in sheerest nylon, and her melting, large eyes are staring at you with a charming appeal for your approval. What

more can any man ask?

With an effort, you bring your mind back to the matter at hand and try to be critical and businesslike. But you already know that a girl who could stun you with such physical force is the one you want, for pictures or anything else.

She won't be able to get her mind on anything else, though, until you've given her your answer. Assure her, softly, that she has the job and her gratitude will light up her face. Now she is more convinced than ever that you are a great, big wonderful man and she is a very lucky little girl to be able to please you.

With a beautiful parcel of femininity in such an admirably responsive frame of mind, and with you reacting in a healthy masculine fashion, your fate is sealed. Together you will explore the delights of the casting couch.

And at this moment, if you can pull your thoughts away for a minute, you will realize that when it comes right down to the bare facts, you're as much a successful casting director as any Hollywood wheel.









**W**HEN YOU COME right down to it, some of the best things in life you can do without education. Some of them, like sleeping and eating do not improve with practice.

Others? Definitely, yes.

Take the fine art of love-making, which many adolescent boys and most grown men think they know everything about. They can convince everybody, including themselves, that they know all the answers. They convince everybody, that is, except the woman involved. She may have and probably does have a different view of the situation, but very wisely, she keeps this opinion to herself.

She'll tell each and every partner that he's a king-sized Don Juan who thrills her to pieces with his very glance. Privately, she tells herself that this guy couldn't warm up a baby thermometer and if she'd spent the evening going bowling with the girls, she might have had a lot more fun.

This is why it is such a good idea for a young man—as well as a seasoned veteran—to go in for instruction sessions. Professional partners, we might add, are the worst instructors of all.

Their responses are purely mechanical and the man who thinks that he is showing one of these gals the time of her life, is actually a sucker for the oldest vaudeville act since Eve.

The best place to look for special help is from the kind of person who has an enquiring mind. As strange as it may sound at first, a teacher is your very best bet.

Elementary, junior high, high school, even college—it makes no difference. All teachers have one thing in common: they are anxious to learn and to have you learn as well.

Let's say that you have been sensible enough to interest yourself in local school problems. Sensible, of course, because on the staff of the local grade school is a demure, sweet-faced little miss of twenty-

*Continued on the next page*



# TEACHER IS THE BEST EXPERIENCE





three or four, whose legs look trim even when she's wearing tennis shoes, and whose breasts look like a study model of Pike's Peak. Both of them.

Let's say also, that in your attending PTA sessions and school board discussions, you have managed to meet Miss Prim, first name Lydia, and what's more, that you've managed to take her out to dinner.

You find on her first date that without the tennis shoes, she has legs like Marilyn Monroe and that those Pike's Peaks look even more peak-like in a sheer nylon blouse.

You find she drinks well—and you've been sensible enough to take her to another town. She dances like a dream and you feel her warm breath against your ear until you finally can't stand it any more.

"Let's go for a drive," you say.

"Let's go to my place," she says. "My roommate has gone to Topeka for the weekend."

Vroom! You're there. With almost no urging on her part, you find yourself sprawled out on the couch mingling heart-beats. Just about the time the steam is spurting from your ears, she says, "I think this is all kid-stuff, Earnest. If we're going to enjoy this, we might as well go to the bedroom where we can be comfortable."

So that's the way it starts. In a very few moments, you are locked in a passionate embrace and neither of you come to your senses until the roof blows off. As you reach complacently for an intermission cigarette, you hear a soft "Hmmm" in the darkness.

"What'd you say, dear?" you ask.

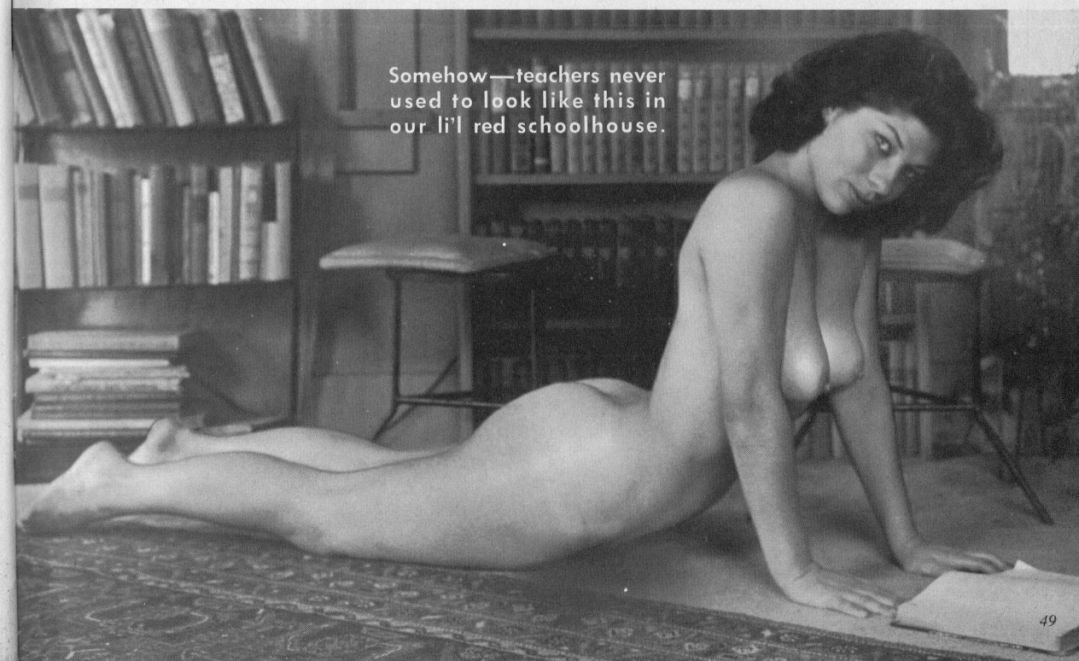
"Nothing, darling, just hmmm."

"Hm—what," you ask.

"Well," she says, "I have an idea that if you were to—I mean, if I—wait a minute, I'd better get the book."

She rustles around in her bookcase and then comes back to bed. You are treated to the sight of this magnificent creature lying nude in bed, with a heavy volume digging into her lovely pink-tipped breasts.

*Continued on the next page*





You can watch this only so long, after all, and then things start to happen all over again.

"Now, wait a minute, Earnest," she says, "just let me finish this page."

"But," you say.

"There now," she says, still reading the book, but shifting her position a little. "Now, I'll get like that and you—no, not like that. Yes,

"Oh, dear, I know that's not right," she says. "Let me look that up in the index."

"Look, never mind the index, couldn't we just—I mean—you know."

"Now, George, we'll never get anywhere unless we try to improve ourselves, isn't that right?"

"Sure, only my name is Herman."

"Then why have I been calling

you take your right leg. No, excuse me, you take *my* right leg. Then I take your—oh, my goodness! That can't be right. I must have the wrong book."

She hands it to you with a laugh. Principles of Elementary Accounting, it says—and you pitch it onto the floor.

"Now, look, Lydia," you start to say.

**She teaches the three "i's"  
reading, writing, romance  
to advanced students only.**



that's right. Now let me see diagram—A."

"But, Lydia," you say.

"Now, don't interrupt, it says here on page 335 to take the position as described in diagram A and then—"

"Please, dear," she says, "how can I concentrate."

"But Lydia," you blurt out at last, "your foot is in my mouth."

you Earnest?" she asks.

You try to shrug but you can't because her knee is in your back.

"There, now, we have to take the bed pillows and place them under the ironing board. Eddie, be a doll and get the ironing board, will you? It's in the kitchen cupboard."

You do as she asks.

"Now," she says, "let's try this again. You there, me here. Then

"MMM, not now, Ralphie," she answers, "that feels so good!"

"But Lydia," you sigh, "my name is Herman."

"Sssh, dear, don't fuss. You're every bit as good as Ralphie."

It is perfectly obvious, that at last you have found a partner with whom you can learn the fine points in the fine art of making love.



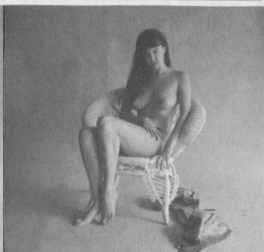
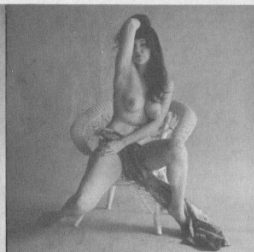
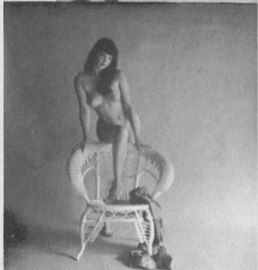
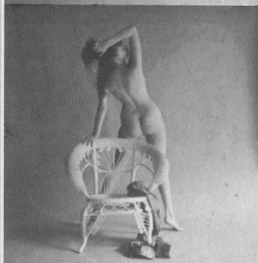
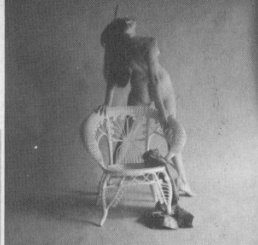
How'd you like to be kept  
after school by a teacher  
who looks like this?



# HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME



*Chubby chums are  
grateful girls!*





**Chubby girls have foam rubber complexions and are a whole lot bouncier.**

*By George Pesante*

**T**HE TROUBLE with this country is not smog or juvenile delinquency or even TV commercials. The trouble with this country is, that it's getting so hard to find a fat girl.

Oh, sure, they still exist, and a good thing too, because if they ever do disappear from view, we're going to have to raise them in special herds like the vanishing buffalo.

But what with all this diet talk and reducing salons springing up to replace the corner pool room, and what with cars getting smaller, lower, the fat girl is being driven out of fashion.

This is too bad. Any man who has played parlor hockey with a fat girl knows that here is a wonderful fund of fun, frolic and felicity.

Unlike slim girls who are the darlings of modern fashion, fat girls get little attention. That means that when a man does bestow his favors upon them, they react like a St. Bernard in a sausage factory.

They laugh, they giggle, they respond to your attentions with happy shrieks. In short, they just lap it up. What's more, they don't need to be persuaded. Simply give them the nod and they're off to the races. And once a fat girl gets herself in motion, she's awfully hard to stop.

Incidentally, the old belief that fat girls are necessarily jolly girls is only sometimes true. There are plenty of fat girls who are so frustrated by their lack of male attention that they are foul-tempered, mean and sullen.

The majority of them are sunny though, and even the grumpy lumps will respond much more quickly to a little warmth than the average slim-waisted woman.

Some girls are fat, of course, because they have glandular deficiencies and these are generally to be avoided. Frequently they have moustaches and evil tempers and are so fat as to cause topographical confusion.

On the other hand, a girl who is

Chubby girls just love to  
get attention from men -  
they just thrive on it.





generously plump, simply because the good Lord made her that way, a girl who likes to eat and drink and have herself a good time—this girl is worth solid gold, all 180 pounds of her.

Another fallacy about fat girls is that they are light on their feet. This isn't true, most of them are as heavy as all get-out. But it's pretty easy to get them off their feet. And that's what really counts.

A fat girl is used to the notion that people can't lift her up and toss her around as if she were a ballerina. Consequently, she won't force you to go through those gymnastics. She'll arrange herself in such a way as to spare you the grunt and groan preliminaries.

Generally speaking, fat girls have one trait in common which their slimmer sisters do not always enjoy. They tend to have skins as smooth as foam rubber and twice as bouncy.

They cost less to feed than slim girls because they go in heavy for bread and mashed potatoes and show a marked preference for beer.

Because fat girls do not get the rush that slim girls do, they don't expect to be taken out to fancy places. They don't expect filet mignon and champagne. The back seat of a car and a pile of sandwiches will do nicely, especially if both the sandwiches and the back seat are big.

Fat girls tend to live alone more often than slim girls. They need more room around them and also, they are embarrassed by their slimmer roommates. This makes it much easier to date a fat girl, and what's more, to make the date pay off.

Needless to say, fat girls are a joy in the winter time, because there's nothing more comforting than to find yourself enfolded by great mounds of curvy girl. They are equally delightful in the summer time, however, because they like nothing on except the electric fan. And, after all, what could be more fun than that?



Chubby girls are a comfort in the winter and a joy in the summertime.





# THE POET

# A TOUCH OF

By Dixon Mummert

**L**ONG BEFORE the invention of the singing commercial or the advertising jingle, wiley swordsmen knew that the pen had the power to unlock many a bedroom door.

There is reason to suppose that as the caveman learned how to write, he began composing such couplets as: Dinosaurs are red, flying lizards are blue, I got a furry loincloth, how about you?

Whether his lank-haired lady love was overcome by those lyrics is not certain, but it is pretty obvious that you can catch more bares with honeyed words than with a club.

On through the ages, men have paved the way to conquest with a few pages of foolscap. That these verses have been effective, we cannot doubt. Many of them cause our co-eds to swoon with delight, 500 years after the fact.



While it is perfectly true, this sort of thing—versifying, that is—seems to have gone out of fashion, women haven't changed one little bit. They still go goey for a scrap of romantic doggerel. In fact, it doesn't even have to be romantic.

How about: XY-Cola hits the spot, five full ounces, that a lot? All it has to do is rhyme and women will go out and buy it.

One of the best things about poetry as an aide to love-making, is that it doesn't have to be original; you don't have to have a brain in your head to score. All you have to do is read.

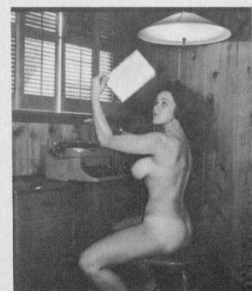
You go to the library, pick out something reasonably slushy that you know she'll like, copy it down

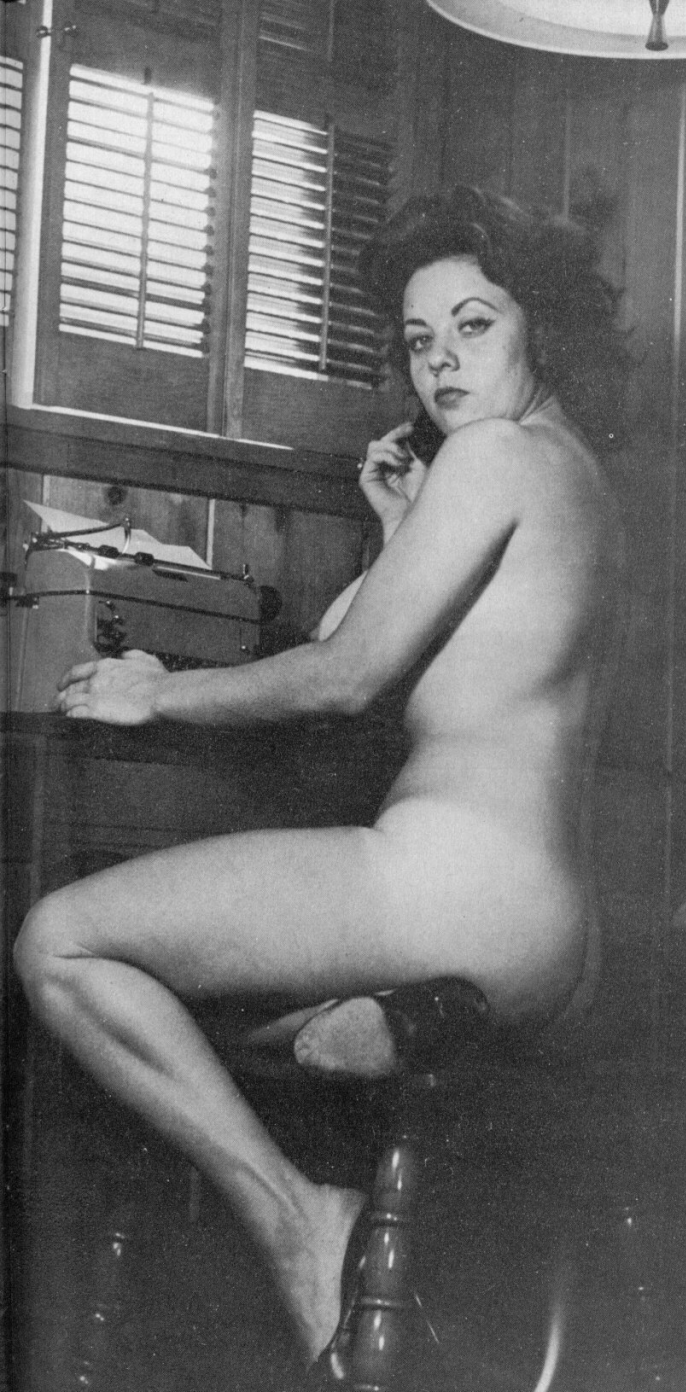
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*You can sell a woman anything if you use the right jingle!*

Can she type? What do  
you mean, can she type,  
er, um, well—we dunno.







without too many thumb prints and blots and let her have it. "This," you say, hoarsely, "was meant for you."

It could have been meant for Adam's off-ox but she won't care. Suddenly, she sees you in a different light. Instead of a big slob always on the make, she suddenly discovers you have a sensitive soul.

Now, the fact that she is as sensitive as a tire iron and that you know as much about poetry as you do about nuclear physics, doesn't make a bit of difference.

She wants to *think* she is sensitive and she wants to think you have a soul. So long as she has this illusion, make the best of it. By the time the truth dawns on her it will be too late.

The second best thing about poetry is that it is so cheap. Scotch costs money, flowers are high, theatre tickets are out of the question, especially if the nearest theatre is two thousand miles away. All you need for poetry is a stub of pencil and a piece of the stuff your shirts came back from the laundry in.

Incidentally, the wrapping paper gambit is one of the best you can use. "I just had to write it down," you say, "it came to me in a flash." This might be something you made up or it might be something you stole. No matter, she'll be touched. She'll think you're the big, strong, sensitive silent type.

She's just dying to run her fingers through your poetic hair. Word of caution: if the hair isn't your own, don't let her do it.

Some people are actually too lazy to go to the library to crib a bit of poetry, so they write it themselves. This is not difficult because of the invention of blank verse. Blank verse means it doesn't have to have any rhyme or rhythm. There's something called free verse too, which doesn't have to have any rhyme, rhythm or even shape.

You can take anything and make it come out looking like poetry. Take the following:

*Continued on the next page*





Dear sir,  
we  
regret to  
inform  
you  
that your ac-  
count is  
over-  
drawn.

This, believe it or not, is the form that much of modern poetry takes. Naturally, you don't want to tell her that her account is overdrawn. But you can tell her practically anything else and make it look like poetry.

For example:  
Myrtle,  
oh, myrtle  
if my turtle  
had a swell shell  
like you got,  
with lumps  
instead  
of  
wrinkles  
I'd be up  
to my ears in mud.

Now, that looks sort of foolish at first glance. It looks even more foolish at second glance. By the time she's ready for the third glance, however, you mutter, "It's meant to be symbolic." And you add—"of you."

She isn't quite sure what you mean by "symbolic" but she doesn't want to reveal the extent of her ignorance either. And the important thing as far as you're concerned is, she knows you love her because you wrote her a poem.

There are very few women who can resist this appeal, especially when it comes from an unlikely source. Namely, you. You will find that she saves these precious little scraps of paper in a scented drawer along with her old roller skate keys, her first corsage and her derringer.

Don't be the kind of jerk who sends a woman a poem and doesn't sign his own name to it. She'll look around for some unlikely guy—not you—and start beaming in his direction. And don't make the mistake of reading it aloud. Especially if you

didn't write it yourself. You might mispronounce the words, also your voice, unless it sounds just like Gregory Peck's, will be a disappointment. \*

Let her read it herself. She will hear it in her mind's ear as if it were being read by Marlon Brando, Casanova and Aly Khan, all at the same time. The less talking you do from that point on, the better things will go for you. Let her imagine you're anybody she pleases. It's time for action, not words.





# HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A MODEL

*Use her carefully and well -  
you'll be satisfied!*

**B**eneath the smooth, silky surface of many a young model, there lies a secret yearning that wells up and spreads a special glow over her lovely exterior. Probe behind her luminous eyes, glistening lips and gently heaving breast, and you'll discover her hidden passion. She wants to be an actress, yet!

Armed with this knowledge, you've definitely got the upper hand. Once she's confessed her ambition, you've got the goods on her, and

will be able to very quickly get the other goods off her.

With visions of contracts dancing through her head, the would-be actress-model will do just about *anything* to bring herself to the attention of just about anyone. If she's got a brain in her head, she's already observed that the quickest route to attention is the barest. Whether it is also the quickest route to a contract is not for you to point

*Continued on the next page*





out to her, not if your object is to get some really extraordinary pictures.

You must know how to handle this girl, though, for she calls for a different approach from other models. In the middle of a shooting session, as she stands under the searching, playful lights with highlights accenting the firm, young breasts and the swelling hips, the actress-model may look so inviting, warm and irresistible that your reaction to her is strictly physical, powerful though it may be.

If you let her know it, you'll quickly squelch her interest in you, both personal and professional. Superb as her body is, she treats it with disdain. She makes a big issue of not wanting to be thought of as just another body. So, with tongue in cheek, you must admire her for her talents, not for that common, ordinary fabulous flesh.

Once you've convinced her that your interest in her career is unbounded and your interest in her body is virtually non-existent, the actress-model will throw herself into

the job and at you with equal enthusiasm. If you've casually mentioned a few "important" people you know and a few strings you can pull, her eagerness will be phenomenal.

So take advantage of what you've got. (We're speaking of pictures here. What you do on your own time is your own business.) The would-be Bernhardt has usually been spending her spare time and money on acting classes, learning to emote. She has learned how to laugh, to

*Continued on the next page*

**This is one package that needs special handling.**



A little flattery will  
win her very best smile.







cry, to exhibit passion and she can run the gamut of emotions on demand.

Needless to say, a nude girl whose face and posture can express her innermost heights and yearning and desire will make the best subject for your camera's greedy eye. Her simmering sexiness comes across like a heat wave in the tropics.

A magnificent model who's been studying Stanislavsky on the side will give you a chance to get some strikingly unusual shots. She has spent hour upon hour practicing such estoteric Stanislavskisms as how to make believe she's an inside door-knob in love with the outside latch, so she won't be fazed when you ask her to turn her talents to imitating a few simple props. In fact, she'll be glad to get the practice, and when you see what captivating pictures you've gotten, you'll be de-

lighted that you took full advantage of the tempting Thespian.

Turn her loose with any stray pieces of furniture and watch her startling transformations. The actress-model can drop to her hands and knees and become a handy apartment-size table, balancing drinks and ash trays on her lovely back. Be careful, though. This kind of table is definitely not heat resistant.

Quick as a wink, she can change herself into a well-upholstered chair complete with built-in pillows. Any man would be overjoyed to have one of these around for his lounging hours. With huge candles clutched in her upstretched hands, she becomes a delicately sculptured candelabra, making a superlative centerpiece for any table.

When you start showing around the pictures of your newly decorated

apartment, furnished completely in modern girls, you'll be snowed under with pleas for help from guys who've never taken an interest in redecorating their places before. So before the evening's shooting session is over, it might be a good idea to personally test your new kind of well-built furniture.

Make mental notes of such important points as general quality, availability, durability and possibility of repossession by previous owners. Thinking ahead a bit to the time when the furniture begins to sag and show signs of wear and tear, it is well to consider potential trade-in value. You owe it to your friends to be supplied with the kind of information they'll be interested in once you've recovered their speechless delight with your brilliant decor.



# P R I V A T E

*You can have a ball with your Brownie  
at your next whing-ding!*



The spontaneous high-spirited shenanigans at a very private party can provide you with your rarest opportunity to snap exciting, candid pin-ups that will top anything you could plan and pose. In fact, your only problem will be trying to keep the camera loaded and snapping fast enough to keep up with the frantic acts that make sensational pictures.

Naturally, not just any old party will do. But when you get wind of the fact that a particularly beautiful, notoriously fun-loving cut-up is going to be present, tote that camera along, or you'll be kicking yourself in the morning when the only pictures you have are some red-hot but already fading memories.

Captured on film, the uninhibited cavortings of the enchanting extrovert will be yours forever, and if you're feeling generous, you can share them with those unfortunate guys who weren't there Saturday night and missed all the fun.

Needless to say, one way to make sure there'll be a playful pepperpot present is to invite her yourself. And as insurance that the mood will be right for her to perform at her peak, give her a good excuse, like a strip poker party. Another thing to keep in mind is that this zippy kind of a girl is at her uninhibited best when there aren't any stuffy women or even stodgy men around. Make sure it's an almost, or all,

stag party, at least in spirit.

Your only problem is how to spend the evening shooting pictures without making your scintillating subject freeze up in self-consciousness. *Don't* try to take pictures without letting her know you're doing it. It doesn't pay off. In the first place, you're going to get so involved in intrigue, what with smuggling your camera in and keeping it hidden from view, that you won't even get a chance to snap half of the best moments.

In the second place, you may get away with it once, but as soon as word gets around (and it will as soon as your pictures do) that you have a sneaky shutter finger, you're going to find that every party you go to from then on is going to be deliberately dull — until after you've gone home. Photographically, you won't be getting any pictures, and personally, you won't be getting much of anything else, either.

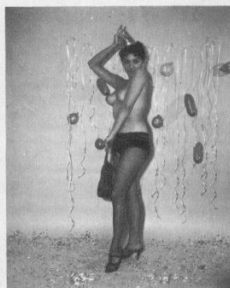
The best tactic to pave the way and keep your Boy Scout honor unsullied is to mention very casually, either at the start of the evening or a few days earlier, that you thought you might take a few pictures during the evening. This clears you. It gives the girl a chance to protest, but have no fear — she won't. The sexy showoff has never run from a camera yet.

*Continued on the next page*

# PARTY!

A private party is the best place to get those unusual, off-the-record shots of girls at play.





Balloons and pretty girls are indispensable items at a private party.

Announcing your intentions early also allows time for everybody to relax and forget you ever mentioned it. You've got your camera loaded, checked your light meter and cased the room for angles before the party started. Now settle back and enjoy the drinks and music. The fun won't begin until everyone's had a chance to warm up, anyway.

When the gay party-girl first flips her skirts saucily and does a few fast body beats to the mambo record, that's your signal to perk up and be on the alert. She's getting into the swing of things and after she basks in a little encouraging masculine admiration, someone will slip a hot, pulsing drum disc on the record player and she'll go into a wild, improvised dance. As her appreciative audience gathers

around and approvingly claps out the rhythm, her dancing will become hotter, faster and wilder. All she needs is eager male attention.

You, of course, haven't been just standing there watching her tantalizing gyrations like all the other fellows. You've slipped over and pulled out your camera, and while everyone's caught up in the sensual excitement of the throbbing beat and the flashing limbs of the party girl, you've been high up on top a chair back shooting merrily away. Haven't you?

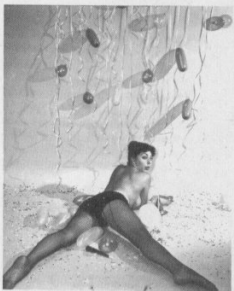
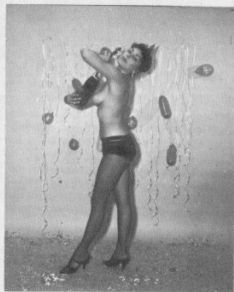
Now put away the camera and get down from that silly perch. The dance is ending in a burst of cheers and you want to keep your shooting unobtrusive.

Flushed with her success and the huge wave of manly desire flooding

toward her, the sexy showoff is ready for anything, and when someone suggests a friendly little game of strip poker, her eyes flash with excitement as she tries to keep her voice casual and nonchalant.

You discreetly beg out of the game. You'll watch, you say, without mentioning your trusty camera. Now things are really getting interesting.

While the cards are dealt and the first few hands are in progress, you can silently tour the room, planning shots. There is a high-voltage undercurrent in the atmosphere. This isn't a game of every man for himself. It's every man working together to make sure that the pulchritudinous party girl is always a loser. Since she is secretly eager to cooperate, you can be sure



that she'll play very bad poker indeed.

She'll reveal far greater talents when it comes to being a good loser, though. With plenty of experience to back her up, she sheds each bit of feminine apparel with a deft tease.

From the very first round, when she slips her shoes off her dainty, high-arched feet, gliding her fingers down the smooth calves of her lovely legs, the playful stripper arouses a craving in every man present for more, more, more.

The thrilling tension increases as she slowly, dramatically opens each button of her blouse and slides it down her arms, revealing the cool satin slip that lovingly hugs her curves. Lithely and gracefully, the talented loser steps out of her skirt

and her audience champing to help her lose the next round.

Laughingly, coyly, she lifts the slip high over her head and tosses it aside, her creamy skin bare except for the two wisps of bra and panties. The air is filled with much more than the blue-trailing cigarette smoke as, in silent excitement, the players deal out the cards. But fate steps in.

The party girl wins this round and the tension mounts as the players concentrate harder. It can't end now! But with a little nudge from the girl, herself, Lady Luck bows out and the sexy showoff must arch her back and undo her brassiere. Her final loss, or victory, comes when she slowly peels off her lacy panties and stands beautifully naked before the triumphant poker play-

ers, who are definitely not wearing poker faces.

If you've been paying attention to your job at hand, you should have some fabulous pictures, and though you may have missed a bit of the fun taking part in the exciting game, console yourself. A month from now, when the other fellows are wistfully trying to recall some of the memory-dimmed excitement of the night the party siren lost the poker game, you'll be reliving the exhilarating experience over and over again, with your priceless pictures.







# New Cure For Dame Fever

Antibiotics,  
shmantibiotics,  
what you need--  
is another dame!

By A. Hunter Maxwell

THERE ISN'T A MAN ALIVE who, at one time or another, hasn't said: "The hell with women!"

And there isn't a man alive who has really meant it.

Oh, we're exaggerating, of course. A few guys have gone off to the Foreign Legion, or to Labrador, etc. But for most of us, the only cure when we are really fed up with women is—another woman.

Let's face it: while all women are alike, all women are different too. That is, we *think* they are different each time we start out on the eternal quest.

Yet . . . the first time that little bit of fluff walks by, your eyes light up, your nostrils flare and you are all aroused. Something new, something exciting, something different.

And you start in all over again.

It should be possible to be scientific about this business and we are going to make an earnest effort to do just that.

You're going to go home at night, have a couple of good stiff drinks, make yourself a steak and sit down to that stack of interesting books that have been gathering dust in the corner for months.

Why spend all that dough for watery drinks when you can sit at home and drink good bourbon for one-fifth the price. And what's more, no blowsy dame is going to pull up and sit on a stool beside you, nobody is going to con you out of a drink or get you all roused up by a show of her knee peeping from her skirt or a look at the goodies she keeps in that deep cut blouse.

The hell with all of that. Now, for those books. You begin reading and decided that somehow, this wasn't the book you wanted to read. What do you care about "Pre-Columbian Sculpture" after all?

Here's a fine, racy historical novel—ah, that's more like it.

You fan the pages and read . . . "Eliza looked at him steadily out of smouldering eyes and then turned deliberately, raised her arms above her head and began to slip out of her frock. When she was absolutely

nude in the firelight, she moved toward him slowly, sinuously, her lips parted . . ."

Er, uh, you'd better get some more ice for that drink. In fact, you'd better put that damned book down because you are beginning to get all confused in the head. You know damned well "Eliza" is just like any other dame and that she might be fun for a while but in the end she'll turn out to be a damned nuisance, etc., etc.

You don't quite know why but you are reaching for that drink. In fact, you are heading downstairs. Where are you going? You know perfectly well where you are going. You are walking—not running—to your neighborhood bar, where the drinks are watery and cost five times as much, etc., etc.

You sit down on a stool and signal the bartender to bring you the usual. The TV set is on and you fasten your eyes on a couple of knot-headed palookas pushing each other around in the three-round preliminary.

You drain your glass and signal for another and as you reach over to pick up your cigarettes, your hand touches something soft and warm and alive.

You look and it is another hand, a girl's hand. She must have moved in alongside when you weren't looking.

You murmur something and she smiles and you notice that when she smiles it seems as if her whole face lights up and illuminates a cloud of soft blonde hair.

Her lips are full, red and warm and also moving. In fact, you skip a beat before you realize she is talking to you. She's asking you if you'd mind lending back her cigarette lighter when you are finished with it.

The ice is broken and you are off and running. You have a couple of drinks and you discover that this is a truly unusual girl. She is bright, witty, warm, intelligent, full of intensity and the promise of passion. She has skin like golden silk and from what you can see of her body as it wriggles on the cocktail bench, she is built like a department store mannequin—except that it is real.

Pretty soon you are moved to invite her to have dinner with you, as soon as you've both had one last drink. You hadn't intended to do this, but hell, it isn't often you meet a woman like this, a woman so alive, so beautiful, so enormously different.

"By the way," you say, "we ought really to introduce ourselves . . ."

"Oh, my name is Eliza," she says smiling warmly, "do you suppose we could have dinner somewhere in front of a fire . . .?" ● ● ●



MOOD: A vibrant togetherness  
of words and maids

MOOD: A lively entertainment  
package for the  
footloose male

MOOD: For morning, afternoon  
or night -- whenever  
you're in the MOOD





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